


An artistic illustration of a young couple in a romantic embrace, about to kiss. The woman has long, dark, wavy hair and is wearing a pink top. The man has dark hair and is wearing a light blue sweater. They are standing on a pinkish beach with blue waves in the background. A large, bright full moon with a starburst effect dominates the upper left, and a small crescent moon is visible in the upper right. The sky is a gradient of blue and purple.

ZAREMA ROSE

LOVE
summer story

A stylized illustration of a man and a woman in a romantic embrace. The woman, on the left, has long dark hair and is wearing a pink top. The man, on the right, has dark hair and is wearing a white shirt. They are both looking at each other with soft expressions. The background is a light pink with subtle wavy patterns. A semi-transparent white box with rounded corners is centered over the couple, containing three paragraphs of text.

When Marina, a free-spirited adventurer with a love for breaking rules, crosses paths with Jace, a charming surf instructor who's sworn off commitment, neither of them expects their connection to turn into something deeper. From stolen moments under starlit skies to daring escapades on forbidden rooftops, their relationship is an intoxicating blend of passion, spontaneity, and vulnerability.

In this romantic tale filled with laughter, flirtation, and a touch of chaos, Marina and Jace discover that the greatest adventure of all might just be opening their hearts to each other.

Perfect for fans of heartfelt love stories and daring romances, this book will sweep you off your feet and remind you that sometimes, love finds you when you least expect it.

to You My Sweet Heart.
You are going to remember this
unforgettable summer...

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A charming coastal town, known for its secluded beaches, sleepy streets, and an old drive-in cinema. The warm summer air, the soft rustle of the waves, and the scent of saltwater permeate the story.

Summer Love Story



Here they stand, three beautiful women, three inseparable best friends: Lena, Ella, and Marina. You might have crossed paths with them in the previous *Winter & Spring Love Stories*, but if you haven't met them yet, don't worry—your chance is just around the corner. Right now, though, we're basking in the warmth of the Summer season—a season bursting with passion and heat, where love ignites brighter than the sun. And this time, it is Marina's love story that is ready to unfold...

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“Thank you for giving us a ride to the airport, Marina,” Lena said, wrapping her arms around her in a warm hug.

“Of course,” Marina replied with a small smile, though it didn’t quite reach her eyes.

Ella was wrestling with her heavy bag, trying to hoist it onto the pile of luggage. “Ugh, I can’t believe you didn’t get your passport on time! Now we’re flying to Mexico without you.”

Marina shrugged, her tone light but tinged with melancholy. “It’s fine. I’ll figure something out. At least we live by the ocean, right? You’ll swim in Mexico, and I’ll swim here. Same ocean, different beaches.” She forced a smile, but the sadness lingered in her voice.

Ella finally managed to settle her bag and turned to Marina with a frown. “We’re going to miss you. You know that, right? And you’re going to miss my bachelorette party!”

“I know,” Marina said softly, looking down at her hands for a moment before

meeting Ella's gaze. "But I promise, when you're back, we'll do something completely crazy. Just the three of us. Make up for lost time."

"You better hold me to that!" Ella grinned, pulling Marina into a tight hug. "I'll be expecting something wild, okay?"

Lena joined in, wrapping her arms around both of them. "We'll miss you so much. It won't be the same without you, Marina."

"Go," Marina said, stepping back and waving them off with a brave smile. "Have fun for me, okay? I'll be here...holding down the fort."

As Lena and Ella walked away toward the airport doors, Marina stayed by the car, watching them disappear into the bustling terminal.

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Marina got in the car and began the drive home, the wind playing with her hair through the open windows. The picturesque road hugged the coastline, offering glimpses of the endless ocean shimmering under the golden sunlight. The beauty of the view filled her with a bittersweet ache—a feeling she couldn't shake but didn't try to.

As she neared a stretch of quiet beach, she made a split-second decision. “Why not stop?” she thought. She pulled into a small local parking lot, the kind frequented by surfers and beachcombers. Kicking off her sandals, she grabbed her bag and made her way down the sandy path.

The soft sand warmed her feet, grounding her in the moment as the salty breeze teased at her face. Marina took a deep breath, the clean ocean air filling her lungs as her gaze swept across the horizon. The waves danced and glistened under the waning sunlight. The day was still bright, but the sun had begun its descent, painting streaks of amber and rose across the sky.

“It’s fine,” she murmured to herself, though

the ache in her chest betrayed her words.

“I’ll find something crazy to do on my own.” The words felt bold, almost foreign. But that evening, she followed through.

As she strolled down the beach, she passed clusters of charming beach houses, their windows aglow with golden light. From one of them, the sound of music drifted out—a lively rhythm of laughter, beats, and chatter. The house was alive with energy, the kind that could pull even the most reluctant of souls into its orbit.

Drawn by the sheer vibrancy of it, Marina found herself stepping closer. The door was wide open, people coming and going freely. No one seemed to notice as she slipped inside, but she didn’t care. The room was crowded, the air thick with the smell of saltwater, sunscreen, and something sweet—perhaps coconut-scented candles or the fruity tang of spiked punch.

notes

That beach house party wasn't planned for me—I just stumbled upon it. Walking along the shore that evening, I noticed the laughter, music, and lights spilling out of the house, pulling me in like a magnetic force. I didn't know a single soul there, but something inside me whispered, Why not?

The moment I stepped in, I was hit with a wave of vibrant chaos—laughter, dancing, music loud enough to shake the floorboards. It reminded me of those Gypsy weddings I used to see as a child. Back then, in my little town, I'd watch the lively

notes

parades go by. They were wild and colorful, with coins and sweets thrown to the crowd, and the kids would race to grab them.

One time, my friends and I followed the parade all the way to their house party. It was packed with so many people that no one even noticed a few curious kids sneaking in.

That memory made me smile. I've always loved moments like those —spontaneous, daring, and full of life. This party felt like a chance to relive that thrill, and I couldn't resist diving in.

Near the corner of the room stood a table laden with drinks and snacks, and Marina made her way over. Before she could second-guess herself, a guy with wild curls and a bright blue hat covered in glitter grinned at her. “You’ve gotta try these shots!” he said, gesturing toward a row of tiny glasses filled with colorful liquor.

Marina laughed—how could she say no? She picked up a glass, the vibrant green liquid catching the light, and downed it. Sweet, sharp, and surprisingly delicious. A warmth spread through her chest as she took in the scene around her. People were laughing, drinking, dancing, and even singing along to the music. For the first time in what felt like forever, she felt untethered and free. She was enjoying herself drinking. But the noise became too much, so she wandered outside.

The balcony overlooked the beach, and the faint crash of the waves provided a comforting contrast to the chaos inside. She sank onto the hanging bench, its gentle sway soothing her restless thoughts.

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Marina leaned back and stared at the horizon. The sun was almost gone now, leaving streaks of deep orange and purple across the sky. She felt the ache in her chest ease, just a little. The party sounds faded behind her as she let the night embrace her.

The cool evening breeze brushing against her skin. The distant sound of waves mingled with the lively music from inside. As she leaned against the railing, she noticed a tall, athletic man with tousled brown hair standing nearby, gazing out at the ocean.

He turned, catching her eye, and offered a warm smile. "Hey there, enjoying the party?"

Marina returned the smile, a hint of shyness in her eyes. "Actually, I don't know anyone here. I just... challenged myself to fit in."

His eyebrows raised in surprise. "Really? That's pretty bold. I'm Jace, by the way."

"Marina." She extended her hand, which he shook gently.



"He looks
handsome.
Those arms
pretty
strong..."

MARINA

“

“She looks
attractive...”

JACE

“Marina , meaning ‘of the sea’ in Latin,” Jace said, his voice smooth but carrying a hint of playfulness.

She tilted her head, raising an eyebrow. “Oh, you know stuff.”

“I know stuff,” he replied with a sly grin leaning casually against the railing. “I’m into surfing, the ocean, everything about it. The way it moves, the way it feels alive. I guess you could say it’s... my thing.”

Marina’s lips curved into a small smile as she studied him. Jace was the kind of guy who looked like he belonged in a magazine ad—sun-kissed skin, a lean, athletic build, and a messy mop of hair that probably always fell perfectly into place, no matter how much saltwater he dunked it in.

“And here I thought you were just another pretty face,” she teased, brushing a strand of her long black hair behind her ear.

Jace chuckled, the sound low and easy. His gaze flicked to her, lingering just a moment longer than casual. “Pretty face, huh? I’ll take that as a compliment, coming from you. You’re kinda hard to miss, you

know. The long hair, the lashes..." His eyes held hers, his tone dropping slightly. "You've got this whole mysterious, untouchable thing going on."

"Mysterious?" she asked, her voice soft but challenging. "Is that your way of saying I'm intimidating?"

He leaned a little closer, the ocean breeze brushing between them. "Not intimidating. Just... intriguing. Like the ocean. Calm on the surface, but I bet there's a lot going on underneath."

Her smile widened, and this time there was a spark in her eyes. "You're full of lines, aren't you?"

"Not lines," he said, his grin widening. "Just truths."

"Uh-huh." She crossed her arms, but the way she angled her body toward him betrayed her amusement. "So, surfer boy, if you're so in love with the ocean, how do I compare?"

Jace paused, his gaze flicking to the waves rolling lazily in the distance before settling back on her. "The ocean's

breathhtaking,” he said slowly. “But you? You’re captivating.”

Marina felt the heat rise in her cheeks despite herself, and she laughed lightly, looking away. “You’ve got confidence, I’ll give you that.”

“And you’ve got this way of pretending you’re not impressed.” He smirked, leaning back against the railing, his arms crossed. “But I think I’m getting somewhere.”

Marina shook her head, still smiling. “Keep trying, surfer boy. You might surprise me.”

“Oh, I will,” he said, his tone confident but warm. “You’re the kind of surprise worth chasing.”

“So, Marina,” Jace said, leaning casually against the railing, “crashing a party where you don’t know anyone—what other daring things haven’t you done?”

She laughed softly, the effects of the drinks loosening her inhibitions. Her gaze drifted to the shimmering ocean under the setting sun. “Well,” she began, her lips curving into a playful smile, “I’ve never

swum there..."

"In the ocean?" Jace asked, his eyebrows shooting up in surprise.

Marina turned her head to meet his gaze, her expression bold and teasing. "Naked," she finished, her voice carrying a spark of challenge as the word hung in the air between them.

Jace's eyes sparkled with mischief. "Is that so? How about we change that tonight?"

Marina's heart raced, a mix of excitement and nerves. The idea was wild, impulsive—completely unlike her usual self. But maybe that's exactly what she needed. She met his gaze, a daring smile forming on her lips. "Why not? Let's do it."

They made their way down to the beach, the sand cool beneath their feet as the sky transitioned to twilight. The beach was deserted, the party's noise fading into the background.

Jace paused at the water's edge, glancing at Marina. "Ready?"

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She took a deep breath, feeling the thrill of spontaneity. "Ready."

With shared laughter, they shed their clothes, the cool evening air brushing against their bare skin. Hand in hand, they ran into the surf, the water's embrace both shocking and exhilarating.



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They swam and played in the waves, the moon casting a silvery glow over the ocean. In that moment, surrounded by the vastness of the sea and sky, Marina felt a liberating sense of freedom she hadn't known she craved. The ocean water felt so nice on the naked skin, like tender touches from a lover's hand. Marina waded deeper, her laughter carried by the breeze as the

waves danced around her. The coolness of the water was a sharp contrast to the warmth of her flushed cheeks, and for a moment, she felt utterly free—weightless and unbound.

The ocean seemed to conspire with their boldness, the waves carrying them closer. As they floated under the deepening sky, Marina glanced at Jace, their laughter mingling with the rhythm of the sea. It was daring, it was wild—and it was exactly what she needed.

As they waded back to shore, breathless and laughing, Jake looked at her with admiration. He put the beach towel over her naked body (the towel he managed to grab with them that was hanging on the balcony).

Looking at Marina, Jace couldn't resist the pull any longer. The way her long black lashes fluttered as she looked out at the horizon, her lips curved into a faint, teasing smile—it was impossible to hold back. He leaned in, his fingers brushing gently against her cheek before his lips found hers, tender

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but full of unspoken passion. She didn't hesitate, her arms wrapping around his neck, drawing him closer.

Eventually, they found themselves lying on a towel spread across the soft sand, the ocean waves whispering in the distance. Beneath the vast expanse of the darkening sky, they gave in to the electric pull between them, their bodies entwined, the warmth of their skin melting into the cool night air.

Marina felt his strong arms holding her firmly yet tenderly, his athletic frame moving with hers in a rhythm that felt as natural as the ocean's tides.

For Marina, this moment was more than passion—it was freedom. She realized that the real adventure wasn't the party or the drinks but the courage to surrender to the unknown, to let herself feel alive under the open sky.

The evening grew darker, the only light a faint glow from the beach house in the distance. Their breathing slowed as they lay side by side, staring up at the stars, their hands intertwined in the sand. But reality

slowly crept back in.

They dressed in silence, sharing a knowing glance before making their way back to the party. Inside, the atmosphere was still busy with music and laughter. Jace went to fetch them drinks, his easy smile suggesting that this night was far from over. But Marina had other plans. As soon as his back was turned, she slipped quietly out the door, her heart still racing but her mind steadying as the alcohol began to fade from her system. She walked briskly to her car, the cool night air sharp against her flushed cheeks.

Sliding into the driver's seat, she sat for a moment, staring out at the darkened beach. She wasn't sure why she left so abruptly, but something inside her told her she needed this moment alone. Starting the engine, she took a deep breath and drove away, the distant echoes of the party fading behind her as the night wrapped her in solitude once more.

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The week flew by, and soon Lena and Ella were back from their sun-soaked Mexico getaway, looking radiant and full of life. Marina greeted them at the airport, her smile widening as she saw their happy, sun-kissed faces. The moment they saw her, they practically ran into her arms, their laughter bubbling over with excitement.

“You won’t believe it, Marina!” Lena exclaimed, pulling her suitcase along as they headed for the parking lot. “The beaches, the food, the people—everything was amazing!”

“And the margaritas!” Ella added with a dreamy sigh. “I don’t think I’ve ever had better ones in my life.”

Marina laughed, listening to their endless chatter as they relived their adventures. It was as if the vacation had filled them with so much joy, they couldn’t keep it contained.

“I want to continue my holiday,” Ella announced suddenly, tossing her hair over her shoulder. “As promised, we should do a girls’ night out!”

“Karaoke!” Lena suggested, her eyes lighting up. “We’ll hit that place downtown. It’ll be so much fun!”

Ella wrinkled her nose. “No, let’s do something cozier. A pajama party this weekend. We can play the game.”

Marina raised an eyebrow. “The game?”

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Lena gasped, her eyes widening as if she'd just remembered something. "Oh! You mean the game you got for your bachelorette party but forgot to bring with you to Mexico!"

Ella grinned, her cheeks glowing. "Exactly! It's perfect for a chill night in. We can do snacks, wine, and just hang out this weekend."

Marina couldn't help but smile. "Sounds like a plan. My place or yours?"

"Yours," Lena and Ella said in unison, giggling.

Marina laughed, shaking her head. "Fine, but you two better bring the snacks and the game."

"Deal," Ella said, linking arms with Marina. "It's going to be the perfect way to keep the holiday vibes going."

As they walked to the car, their laughter filled the air, the promise of a carefree, fun-filled weekend already lifting everyone's spirits.

notes

Lena and Ella have known each other since childhood, and their story of how they met always makes me smile. When Lena was just five years old, she had the most adorable guinea pig—a little ball of fluff she adored. Not long after her family moved to a new town, Lena decided to take her guinea pig for a walk. Yes, you heard that right—a walk with a guinea pig!

Ella, who had a knack for asking the most curious questions, spotted Lena and her unusual walking companion. She couldn't resist approaching her. "Is that... a guinea pig?" she asked,

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wide-eyed. That one simple question sparked a conversation, and from that day on, they were inseparable.

I met Ella much later, through work. It happened in the office coffee area, one of those random moments that change everything.

I was just standing there, minding my own business, when she marched up to me with her signature boldness. "Oh, who are you?" she asked, her head tilted like she was solving some grand mystery.

That's Ella for you—
unapologetically curious.

notes

We started talking that day, and before long, we were hanging out regularly.

The three of us make a surprisingly perfect trio. Lena, with her soft blonde hair and dreamy, romantic nature, balances out Ella's bold, funny, and slightly chaotic energy. Ella has brown hair. Then there's me (dark brunette) —the one they both call "the adventurer."

I guess they're not wrong—I do have a habit of diving into new experiences headfirst. Together, we're like a mix of sugar, spice, and... well, me—the wild card.

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The weekend arrived quickly, and Ella, Lena, and Marina were cozied up in Marina's living room, which was adorned with pink balloons and string lights, giving it a festive, playful vibe. A platter of snacks and a few glasses of wine sat on the coffee table, and the energy was light and bubbly.

Ella grinned mischievously as she pulled out the deck of cards, the kind of game designed to spark laughter, teasing, and maybe a bit of embarrassment. "Alright, ladies, let's get this started," she said, shuffling the cards dramatically before drawing the first one. She glanced at it, her grin widening. "How many partners have you had?"

Marina and Lena burst into laughter, leaning forward eagerly to hear Ella's response.

Ella shrugged with faux innocence. "Well," she began, pausing for dramatic effect, "if you tell a man he's the first, he's going to be offended. If you say he's the second, he won't believe you. So... I prefer not to answer. Let it be a secret."

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The girls erupted into giggles, clinking their glasses together in agreement.

“Alright, my turn,” Lena said, grabbing the next card. She read it aloud, her voice tinged with excitement. “Tell us about your worst date.”

Lena smirked and leaned back on the couch, setting her drink down. “Okay, so there was this one guy I was supposed to meet. I told him I wasn’t taking my car, so he’d need to pick me up. He was like, ‘Okay.’ But then I said, ‘And you’ll drop me back in the evening, right?’

“Reasonable,” Marina chimed in, nodding.

“Right?” Lena continued. “But then this guy has the audacity to say, ‘I’ll drop you in the morning.’ So, I said, ‘No, tonight.’ And he goes, ‘We’ll see how it goes.’”

Ella gasped, her eyes wide. “What happened next?”

Lena rolled her eyes dramatically, flipping her hair over her shoulder. “I blocked his number right then and there. No

way was I going on that date!”

The three of them burst out laughing, the sound filling the room as they clinked their glasses again.

“That’s iconic,” Marina said, wiping a tear from her eye. “Lena, queen of self-respect.”

“Always,” Lena said with a grin, raising her glass.

They continued pulling cards, each question sparking hilarious stories and playful banter. The room was filled with laughter and the occasional mock gasp of horror as they shared embarrassing, ridiculous, and surprisingly heartwarming moments from their lives. Marina pulled another card from the deck, her cheeks already warming from the wine and the playful atmosphere. She read it aloud, smirking. “Name a strange place you’ve had sex.” The room buzzed with anticipation as Lena and Ella leaned in, curious about her answer.

Marina shrugged, her tone nonchalant but with a hint of mischief. “The ocean.”

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Ella's eyes widened. "The ocean? Did you even feel anything there?"

Marina laughed at her incredulity. "Why? Do you have a story, Ella?"

"Well, once upon a time, my boyfriend and I decided to try it in a lake. Let's just say it was awkward. He actually stopped halfway to ask me, 'Do you feel anything?' I said no, and apparently, neither did he. So... we just gave up."

The room exploded with laughter.

Marina shook her head, still grinning. "I didn't mean in the ocean. I meant the ocean beach."

"Sandy," Lena chimed in with a laugh. "Sand. A lot of sand."

Marina smirked. "After a naked swim in the ocean, on a nice towel... with a very handsome surf guy."

Ella and Lena gasped in mock intrigue. "Ooh," Ella teased, leaning closer. "When was this?"

"And who is he?" Lena added, her tone just as playful.

Marina hesitated, her smile faltering

for the briefest moment. “Just a random guy,” she said, trying to sound casual. “It was a one-night stand. Nothing serious.”

The girls nodded, their curiosity satisfied as they moved on to the next topic. The evening continued with more laughter and stories, but Marina found herself retreating into her thoughts.

As Ella and Lena debated which snacks to open next, Marina’s gaze drifted to the pink balloons bobbing gently in the corner. Her mind wandered to that night on the beach—the warm glow of the sunset, the feel of his touch, the way Jace had looked at her as though she was the only person in the world. Her heart ached, a quiet longing she couldn’t shake. All she knew about him was his name: Jace. Nothing more. Yet, as much as she told herself it was just a fleeting moment, her mind kept replaying it, unwilling to let go.

The chatter of her friends brought her back to the present, and Marina forced a smile, hiding the wistfulness that lingered just beneath the surface.



"I wonder if he
remembers
me..."

MARINA

“

“I want to find
her.”

JACE

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Jace had been in town for just over two weeks now, settling into his new life as a surfing instructor. The beach had already become his domain, where he spent hours riding waves and mingling with locals. But no matter how many people he met or how many beautiful women he noticed lounging in the sand, his thoughts kept drifting back to Marina.

There was something about her—something elusive and captivating. The way her dark eyes held secrets, the confidence she exuded, and the memory of their night on the beach—it all lingered in his mind. He couldn't shake it, and he didn't want to.

The town wasn't that big, he reasoned. If fate had brought them together once, maybe it could happen again. He started frequenting coffee shops, wandering through local spots, hoping to cross paths with her.

Finally, on a breezy afternoon, as he sipped his coffee at a small café downtown, he saw her. A woman with long black hair, dressed in an elegant office suit, was at

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the counter, grabbing coffee and a salad. His heart quickened as he stood up, trying to appear casual.

“Hey,” he called out, his voice steady but tinged with excitement. “I was looking for you.”

Marina turned, startled at first. Her expression softened as she recognized him, a small smile tugging at her lips.

“I’m Jace,” he said again, as if she might have forgotten.

“I remember,” Marina replied, moving to the nearest table and sitting down to open her salad. She glanced up at him, her gaze both curious and cautious.

“What brings you here?” Jace asked, sitting down across from her.

“I work nearby,” she said, stirring her fork through her salad. Her tone was composed, but there was a flicker of something in her eyes—was it surprise? Or something deeper? “Why were you looking for me?”

“Curiosity,” he said, his grin teasing but genuine.

“Curiosity?” Marina raised an eyebrow, clearly intrigued.

“What else have you never done?” Jace asked, leaning slightly forward, his tone light but his gaze intent. “Besides the night swim, I mean.”

Marina paused, the corners of her mouth curving into a small, playful smile. “Simple stargazing,” she admitted.

Jace’s eyes lit up. “Well, that’s something we can fix,” he said, his voice warm with the promise of adventure.

Marina looked at him, her guarded exterior softening ever so slightly. “Maybe,” she said, her tone ambiguous, but the hint of a smile lingered as she took a bite of her salad. Jace leaned back in his chair, his grin never fading. He didn’t push, but the spark of possibility was there, bright and undeniable. For the first time since that beach party, he felt like the universe might be aligning just right...



"Is he into
me?"

MARINA

“

“She looks so
stunning.
So desirable.”

JACE

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Jace couldn't get Marina out of his head, no matter how much he tried to convince himself he wasn't looking for anything serious. She was different—adventurous, easygoing, and fun—but also carried a quiet depth that intrigued him. Spending time with her felt effortless, and he found himself wanting to do more than just casual flings.

When Marina mentioned she'd never stargazed before, he saw it as the perfect opportunity to create a memory they'd both never forget. But a traditional stargazing date wasn't his style. He wanted to surprise her.

Late one evening, he drove her to the edge of town, pulling up to a closed amusement park. The place was eerily quiet, with old rides silhouetted against the night sky and faint rustling sounds from the ocean breeze. Marina stepped out of the car, her high heels clicking softly on the pavement. She glanced around, raising a curious eyebrow. "What is this?"

Jace grinned, holding out his hand

to her. “Trust me.”

She hesitated for a moment, then slipped her hand into his. He led her past silent booths and motionless rides until they reached an old carousel, its painted horses frozen mid-gallop. The soft glow of the stars above made the scene almost magical.

Jace stopped and gestured to one of the horses. “Your seat, madam.”

Marina tilted her head, her lips curving into a smile. “This is not how I pictured stargazing.”

“Exactly,” Jace said, helping her up onto the carousel horse. “I don’t do predictable.”

She settled into her seat, adjusting her dress. “You’ve got that right.”

Jace climbed onto the horse beside hers and leaned back, looking up at the sky. The stars were scattered across the black canvas, twinkling like tiny beacons. “See? Best view in town.” Marina followed his gaze, her expression softening. “It’s beautiful,” she murmured, her voice quieter now.

For a moment, they both sat in silence,

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soaking in the serenity of the night. Then Jace turned to her, his face illuminated by the faint starlight. “You know,” he said, his voice low and warm, “you’re pretty hard to get out of my head.”

Marina looked at him, her dark eyes searching his. She didn’t say anything at first, but her lips parted as if she might. Instead, she smiled softly, a mix of intrigue and hesitation. “Careful, Jace,” she said finally, her tone teasing but her gaze serious. “You might ruin your beach bum reputation.”

Jace chuckled, leaning slightly closer. “Maybe I’m okay with that.”

The stars above seemed to shine a little brighter as they shared a moment of quiet connection, the distant sound of the waves adding to the magic of the night.

The soft echo of their laughter carried through the still night, breaking the otherwise silent air of the closed amusement park. But their moment was interrupted by the sound of heavy footsteps and a gruff voice calling out, “Hey! You’re not

supposed to be here!”

Jace and Marina froze for a split second, their eyes locking. “Uh-oh,” Jace whispered with a mischievous grin. “Time to go!” Marina’s eyes widened, but before she could respond, Jace grabbed her hand, pulling her off the carousel. They burst into laughter as they darted through the dark pathways, the guard’s voice growing louder behind them.

“This way!” Jace hissed, leading her toward the fence they had climbed earlier. Marina’s heels clicked frantically against the pavement as they ran, and she groaned.

“Why did I wear these?” she muttered.

“Hold on!” Jace stopped abruptly, crouched down, and without warning, scooped her up.

“Jace!” she yelped, laughing as he carried her a few feet closer to the fence before setting her down.

“You’ll thank me later,” he said with a wink.

As they reached the fence, Jace climbed over first, then turned to help Marina.

“Your shoes,” he said, gesturing.

Marina sighed, slipped them off, and tossed them over. “You owe me a new pair if these get scuffed,” she said, gripping his hand as he helped her scale the fence.

“Deal,” Jace said with a chuckle, steadying her as she hopped down on the other side.

By the time they landed on the ground, both were out of breath but still giggling. They could hear the guard yelling something indistinct in the distance, but they didn’t stop running until they were far enough away to feel safe.

They finally slowed to a walk, Jace grinning like a kid. “Admit it,” he said, glancing at Marina. “That was fun.”

She gave him a sidelong look, her lips curving into a smile despite herself. “You’re trouble, you know that?”

“Good trouble, though,” he said, winking.

As they reached the street where their cars were parked, Jace turned to her, his grin softening. “So,” he said, his voice

taking on a more playful tone, “are we going to my place or yours?”

Marina slipped her shoes back on. “Neither,” she said firmly, though there was a teasing glint in her eye. “That’s not part of the stargazing date.”

Jace laughed, raising his hands in mock surrender. “Fair enough. But, for the record, I’m pretty sure we just made this date unforgettable.”

Marina smiled as she opened her car door. “I’ll give you that,” she said. “Goodnight, Jace.”

“Goodnight, Marina,” he replied, watching as she drove away, a grin still lingering on his face. The night hadn’t gone quite as planned, but somehow, it had been better.

notes

I didn't expect Jace to find me. But in a small town like this, running into each other was bound to happen sooner or later. Still, when I saw Jace, my heart did this little flip, a mix of excitement and nerves. I couldn't wait to see his reaction to the next challenge I had in mind. This time it is my turn to plan the date. I am thinking - stargazing from the roof.

I've always had a thing for rooftops. There's something about being up there, above the world, that feels both freeing and exhilarating. I've never done stargazing from a roof before, but I've certainly had my share of adventures up there.

My very first kiss happened on a roof. Well, technically, it happened after a wild rooftop escapade.

notes

My old friend Kasey and I decided to climb onto the roof of an old building one summer evening. It was, of course, completely forbidden, but that only made it more thrilling. We managed to get up there, laughing at our own boldness, but the moment the door slammed shut behind us, we realized we had a problem—it locked automatically.

Panic set in for me. We were stuck. But Kasey, ever the cool-headed hero, quickly figured out a way out. The roof was close to another building, and after some quick thinking (and a little convincing), we leapt from one roof to the other. It was the kind of moment that makes your heart race in the best way. When we finally made it down, adrenaline still coursing through our veins, Kasey kissed me.

notes

It wasn't just any kiss—it felt like the kind of kiss you'd see in a superhero movie after saving the day.

Now, I'm inviting Jace to a rooftop adventure of our own. No locked doors or death-defying jumps this time—just stargazing, and whatever magic the night has in store. Let's see what the roof brings us this time.



One of the most extraordinary dates they shared was one evening on a rooftop. This time, it was Marina's turn to orchestrate the adventure. Jace imagined an excursion at one of the town's restaurants, where they would bask in the breathtaking views from above. But what Marina had planned was something far more thrilling—she beckoned him to her building.

They ascended to the top floor, only to find a sign that read “Do Not Enter.” Jace's heart sank. “We can't go there,” he cautioned, a mixture of excitement and apprehension swirling within him.

Marina flashed him a daring grin, her eyes sparkling with mischief. “Who said so? It's late now; nobody will know.” With a bold flick of her wrist, she swung open the door and gestured for Jace to step inside first. Then, with a purposeful softness, she slipped off her shoes and left them by the door, ensuring it wouldn't close behind them.

“Why do you do that?” he asked, a mix of confusion and intrigue flitting across

his face.

“Just in case,” she replied, her voice a soft whisper filled with promise. “If the door locks, we might not be able to come back.”

They discovered a narrow staircase that wound upward, its quaintness contrasting sharply with the grandiosity of the main building. Up they climbed, fueled by curiosity, until they reached one more door. And then, there it was—the rooftop terrace laid out before them like a secret garden of dreams. The night enveloped them, warm and beautiful, as the town sprawled beneath them, a tapestry of twinkling lights and whispered possibilities.

The city stretched out below them, a sea of twinkling lights and quiet streets. The warm night breeze swept through Marina’s hair as they stepped onto the rooftop terrace, the sky above them clear and full of stars.

Jace took a deep breath, his hands resting on his hips as he turned to her with a grin. “I gotta hand it to you, Marina. This beats any restaurant rooftop.”

Zarema Rose



Summer Love Story

She smiled, leaning casually against the railing, her long black hair cascading over her shoulder. “I thought you’d like it. No waiters, no noise—just us and the view.” Jace walked closer, his eyes fixed on hers. “You have a way of surprising me,” he said softly.

Marina’s lips curved into a sly smile. “You don’t strike me as the type who likes predictable.”

“You’re right,” he said, stepping even closer. “I like... this.”

Their gazes locked, the tension between them palpable. Jace reached out, his fingers brushing a strand of hair from her face. His touch lingered, his hand moving to kiss her cheek.

Marina’s breath caught, her heart racing as she looked up at him. “What are you waiting for?” she whispered.

That was all he needed. Jace leaned in, capturing her lips in a deep, passionate kiss. His arms wrapped around her, pulling her close as the city lights twinkled around them. Marina melted into him, her hands

sliding up his chest and around his neck. The kiss deepened, filled with the kind of urgency that came from weeks of building tension. Jace's hands roamed to her waist, and he lifted her effortlessly, setting her on the edge of the railing. She gasped against his lips, her legs instinctively wrapping around him to keep her balance.

"This is insane," she murmured, her forehead resting against his.

"That's what makes it perfect," he replied, his voice low and husky.

The night air grew warmer as their kisses became more fervent, their breaths mingling as they lost themselves in each other. The world below seemed to fade away, leaving only the rooftop, the stars, and the electric connection between them.

Jace's hands traced her sides, memorizing every curve as he kissed her neck, her shoulder, and back to her lips. Marina tilted her head back, letting the moment consume her, feeling a rush of exhilaration she hadn't felt in years.

"Marina," he whispered, his voice filled

with desire and something deeper.

She met his gaze, her fingers tangled in his hair. “What?”

“Nothing,” he said, shaking his head with a soft chuckle. “Just... I think I’m falling for you.”

She stared at him, her heart pounding as she tried to process his words. Instead of responding, she kissed him again, pouring all her emotions into that kiss, letting it speak for her.

The night stretched on, the city below oblivious to the magic unfolding above, as Marina and Jace surrendered to the passion and the undeniable pull between them.

The mood was still electric as they climbed back down the narrow staircase, their steps echoing in the quiet building. Marina picked up her shoes from where she’d left them at the door, slipping them back on as they reached her apartment floor.

Jace lingered for a moment, his hands casually in his pockets as he looked at her, his lips curving into a crooked smile.

“So, since we’re already in your building... does this roof date come with a coffee invitation?”

Marina smirked, leaning back against her door with a playful glint in her eyes. “That wasn’t part of the roof date plan.”

Jace chuckled, shaking his head. “You’re impossible, you know that?”

“That’s why you like me,” she teased, crossing her arms.

He took a step closer, his expression softening. “You’re right. I do.”

For a moment, the air between them grew heavy again, and Marina felt her resolve waver. But she smiled, keeping her cool. “Goodnight, Jace,” she said, her tone firm yet warm.

Jace studied her for a moment, then sighed with mock defeat. “Alright, you win this round. But you owe me coffee next time.”

“Maybe,” she said with a shrug, her smile widening.

He turned to leave but stopped halfway down the hall, glancing back over his

shoulder. “You’re lucky I’m patient, Marina.”

“Goodnight, Jace,” she repeated, stifling a laugh as she waved him off.

As the elevator doors closed behind him, Marina leaned against her door, exhaling deeply. The rush of the night, the kiss, and his confession all swirled in her mind. Her fingers touched her lips, still tingling from their rooftop kiss.

Meanwhile, Jace walked out into the warm night air, his heart still racing. “She’s going to drive me crazy,” he muttered to himself with a grin. But as he got into his car, he couldn’t help but feel that it was a craziness he didn’t want to escape.



"... on the roof
is mind
blowing."

MARINA

“

“She is wild
and I like it.”

JACE

After their last few dates, Marina plunged headfirst into the whirlwind of her work, each request from Jace to meet met with the same tired refrain: “I’m busy.” Most of the time, she wouldn’t even pick up the phone, and when she finally responded to his messages, a full day had often passed, leaving him feeling more like an afterthought than a priority.

After two long, aching weeks of separation, Jace was overjoyed—almost breathless—when he spotted Marina at the same cozy little coffee shop where they used to share laughter and dreams over steaming cups of coffee.

“Hello, busy bee,” he greeted her with a playful smile that masked his longing.

“Hi,” Marina replied, her eyes lighting up with genuine pleasure upon seeing him, a spark of warmth igniting between them once more.

Jace could hardly contain his eagerness. “It’s my turn to propose another date,” he declared, his heart racing at the prospect.

“Well, actually, I’m free this weekend!”

she responded, a mix of surprise and hope flickering across her face.

“Perfect! Pack your essentials for the entire weekend—imagine you're moving from one place to another,” he urged, excitement bubbling in his voice.

“What kind of date is this? Please don't tell me it involves some sort of cabin getaway,” Marina said, the hint of playful concern in her tone.

“It's nothing like that at all!” Jace replied, his enthusiasm undeterred.

“Well then, what is it?” Marina pressed, her curiosity piqued, an eager anticipation dancing in her eyes.

“It's a surprise,” he teased, leaving her hanging on the edge of her seat with a promise of adventure.

Marina raised an eyebrow, her curiosity piqued as she sipped her coffee. “You're really not going to tell me?”

“Nope,” Jace said with a mischievous grin, leaning on the counter like he had all the time in the world. “But trust me, you'll love it.”

Marina smirked, setting her cup down. “You realize you’re putting a lot of pressure on yourself with all this mystery, right?”

“I thrive under pressure,” he replied smoothly, his eyes sparkling with amusement. “Besides, I think you secretly like surprises.”

She laughed, shaking her head. “Secretly? Who says it’s a secret?”

Jace leaned in slightly, lowering his voice as if sharing a conspiracy. “Because you act like you don’t, but your eyes give you away every time.”

Marina’s cheeks flushed at his observation, but she kept her composure. “Well, you’re certainly confident, aren’t you?”

“I have to be,” he said, straightening up. “I’m planning a weekend with a woman who has a habit of disappearing into her work. Gotta keep it interesting, right?”

“Fair point,” she admitted, biting her lip to hide a smile. “But what if I hate surprises?”

Jace grinned wider. “Then I guess I’ll

have to work extra hard to change your mind.”

Marina shook her head, laughing softly. “Alright, Jace. You win. I’ll pack for this mysterious weekend. But if it turns out to be something crazy like skydiving—”

“I’ll catch you before you hit the ground,” he interjected with a wink.

She rolled her eyes playfully but couldn’t hide the smile spreading across her face. “You’re impossible.”

“And you’re intrigued,” he countered. Marina grabbed her coffee and stood up, tossing him a sly glance as she headed toward the door. “Fine, Jace. This weekend, I’m all yours. But don’t mess it up.”

Jace watched her leave, his grin firmly in place. “Of course, you are mine,” he murmured to himself, already imagining her reaction to the plans he had in store.

Zarema Rose



Summer Love Story

The morning sun bathed the quiet street in a soft, golden glow as Jace's car pulled up to Marina's building. She was already waiting outside, her sleek black bag resting by her side.

Jace rolled down the window, flashing her a playful grin. "Is that all you're bringing?" he teased, nodding toward the modest bag.

Marina smirked as she walked over to the car. "It's a weekend, not a world tour," she quipped, tossing the bag into the back seat before sliding into the passenger seat.

Jace leaned back, one arm draped over the steering wheel, his eyes sparkling with mischief. "You pack light for someone who doesn't know where she's going."

She tilted her head, raising a brow. "And whose fault is that? You're the one being all secretive."

He started the car. "Trust me, Marina. You'll love it. Just sit back and enjoy the ride."

She settled into her seat, the gentle hum of the engine filling the air as they drove off.

The city's familiar skyline faded behind them, replaced by winding roads and open fields. Marina glanced at Jace, his profile illuminated by the morning light, and felt a twinge of excitement.

"Seriously, though," she said, her voice laced with curiosity. "Where are we going?"

Jace glanced at her briefly, his grin widening. "You'll see."

Marina shook her head, a soft laugh escaping her lips. The mystery of it all, combined with the easy rhythm of their banter, made her heart race just a little faster. And as the car sped down the open road, she couldn't help but feel like this was the start of something unforgettable.

Marina leaned back in her seat, the morning sun streaming through the car windows, casting golden light over her face. She glanced sideways at Jace, who was humming softly along to the music playing on the radio. His hand rested casually on the steering wheel, his other arm propped up by the window.

"You're not going to give me even

the slightest hint, are you?” she asked, breaking the comfortable silence.

Jace smirked, his eyes never leaving the road. “What’s the fun in that? Just enjoy the ride, Marina.”

She sighed, feigning exasperation but secretly loving his playful mystery. Her eyes wandered out the window, taking in the changing scenery. The city gradually gave way to open fields and rolling hills, the kind of landscape that promised peace and adventure all at once.

After about an hour, Jace pulled off the main road and onto a winding dirt path surrounded by tall trees. Marina sat up straighter, her curiosity spiking. “Okay, now I’m really intrigued. What is this place?”

“Patience,” he said with a grin, his excitement contagious.

The car came to a stop in a secluded clearing. Marina stepped out and was greeted by the sight of an apartment building overlooking the ocean. The water sparkled under the midday sun, and a small wooden dock stretched out into its calm

surface.

Jace..." she began, turning to him with wide eyes.

"I know you said no cabins," he interrupted, raising his hands defensively. "This is an apartment."

They stepped inside the building, and as Jace opened the door and gestured for her to enter, he said with a playful grin, "Welcome to my apartment."



Summer Love Story

Marina stepped inside, her heels clicking softly on the polished floor as she turned to face Jace, her brow arched in playful suspicion. “Your apartment?” she repeated, her voice tinged with curiosity and a hint of teasing. “Why your apartment?”

Jace leaned casually against the doorframe, his eyes locked on hers with a mischievous glint. “Because I want us to live together,” he said, his tone smooth yet earnest. “Otherwise, all we do is run on rooftops and meet halfway. Here, we can have a home together... and a home date every day.”

Marina tilted her head, a smile tugging at her lips. “I thought you liked running on rooftops.”

“I like you,” Jace replied, stepping closer, his voice soft but deliberate. “And we can still keep dating in all the wild and unusual places you love so much.”

Her smile widened as she closed the distance between them, her fingers lightly brushing against his chest. “Hm,” she murmured, her dark lashes fluttering.

“What about the bathroom?”

Jace smirked, leaning down so his lips were inches from hers. “Maybe the kitchen,” he whispered, his voice low and teasing. “Kitchen table?”

Marina smiled, her laughter warm and sultry. “We’ll have plenty of time for that,” she said, her hand trailing up to his collar. “For now, why don’t you show me where I should put my bag?”

Jace took her bag with ease, his strong hand brushing against hers deliberately as he led her further into the apartment. “This way,” he said, his voice laced with charm. As he showed her around, the air between them buzzed with unspoken desire, each glance and touch a promise of the passionate adventure they were about to embark on together.



"My new home?
Cozy."

MARINA

“

“I like her
being around.”

JACE

Summer Love Story

Marina and Jace had been sharing the same space for a few days now, and she couldn't deny how much she was starting to enjoy the little routines he'd created around her. Like the way he always woke up first to make coffee or how he tried to cook breakfast, even if he burned the toast half the time.

This morning felt especially cozy. Marina stretched lazily in bed as the scent of freshly brewed coffee drifted in. Jace walked in, shirtless, holding a steaming mug like some domestic Greek god.

"Morning, sleepyhead," he teased, setting the coffee on her nightstand.

Marina sat up, tugging her oversized shirt over her bare shoulders. "Thanks. I was planning to meet Lena and Ella for brunch," she said, cradling the mug between her hands.

Jace leaned against the doorframe, his smirk as golden as the morning sunlight streaming in. "Will you introduce me to them?"

She raised an eyebrow, blowing gently

on her coffee. “Eventually. They don’t know about you yet.”

He feigned a look of mock offense, crossing his arms. “How is that even possible? They haven’t heard about the most handsome surfer in town? I’m hurt, Marina.”

She rolled her eyes, but the warmth in her smile betrayed her amusement. “Oh, stop.” She grabbed her shirt off the bed and tossed it at him, hitting his chest.

Jace caught it easily, chuckling as he held it up. “You’re gonna miss me while you’re out, you know.”

“I’ll survive,” she shot back with a playful smirk. “I’ll be home later. We’re supposed to go shopping after brunch.”

Jace took a step closer, dropping the shirt and lowering his voice, his eyes locking on hers. “Good. Because I’ve got plans for you tonight, and they don’t involve brunch or shopping.”

Marina felt her pulse quicken, her lips twitching into a smile she couldn’t hide. “Oh, do you now?”

Summer Love Story

“Mm-hmm,” he murmured, brushing a stray lock of hair from her face, his hand lingering just long enough to make her heart race.

“Well,” she said, tilting her head and giving him a cheeky grin, “you better make sure that toast doesn’t burn while you’re planning, hero.”

She slipped past him, her laughter echoing in the air, leaving Jace grinning like a man completely under her spell.

Zarema Rose



Summer Love Story

Lena, Ella, and Marina sat in a cozy coffee shop, their lattes steaming in front of them. The scent of freshly brewed coffee mingled with the faint hum of chatter around them. Marina stirred her drink absentmindedly before dropping the news. “Jace asked me to move in with him,” she said, her tone casual but her smile giving away her excitement.

Lena’s eyes widened as she leaned forward. “Wait—so no drama?”

Marina chuckled softly, shaking her head. “No drama.”

Ella raised an eyebrow, her tone teasing. “He’s not secretly married? No wife or girlfriend stashed away somewhere?”

Marina laughed. “Nope, no secret double life.”

Ella smirked, taking a sip of her latte. “And just like that, all the stars aligned?”

Lena grinned and chimed in. “Just like that, you found yourself a new, cool boyfriend?”

Marina’s lips curved into a warm smile as she glanced down at her cup. “He found

Zarema Rose

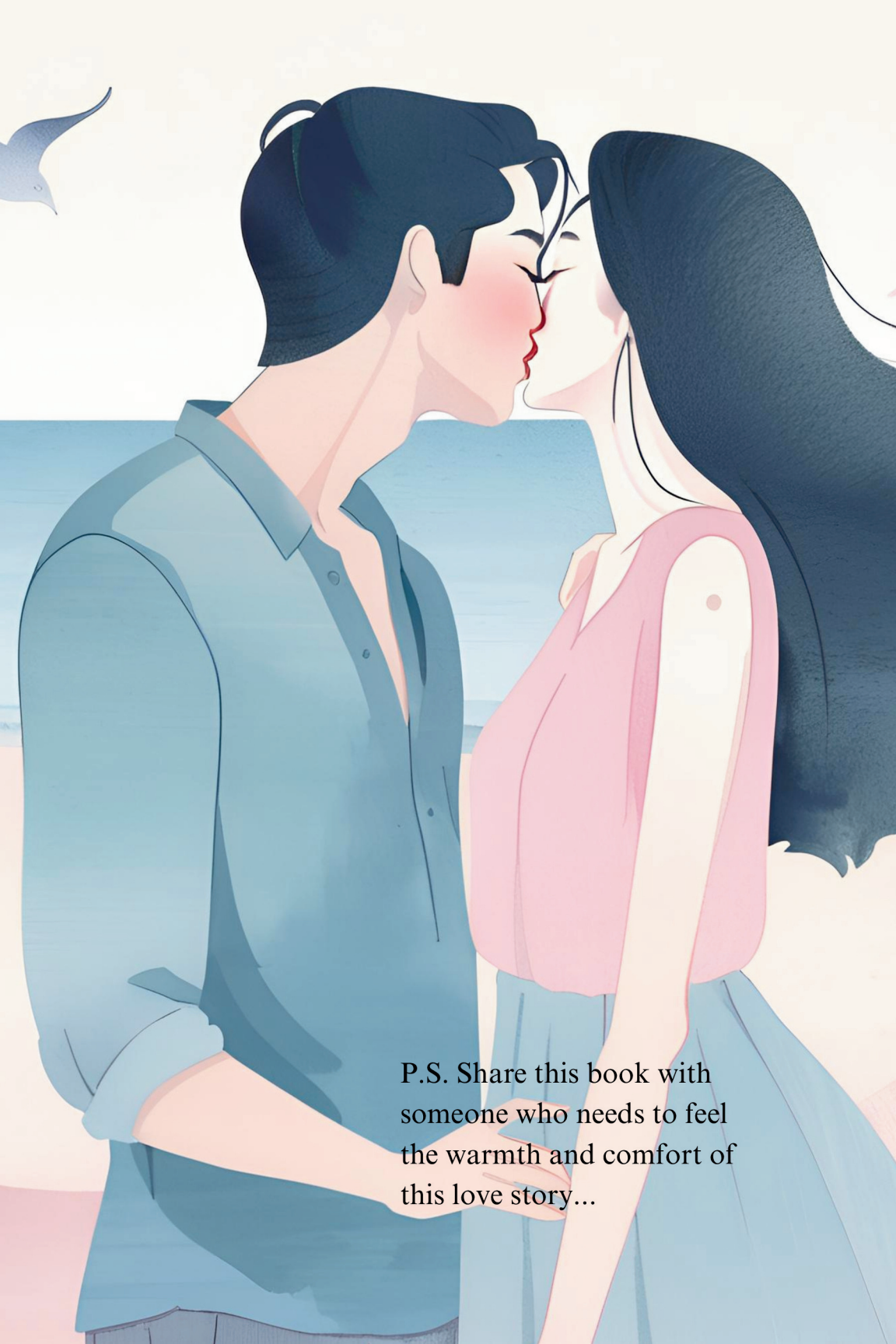
me,” she said, her voice soft but filled with quiet happiness.

The three of them exchanged knowing looks, the warmth of their laughter blending perfectly with the sweet, comforting aroma of the coffee shop.



Summer Love Story





P.S. Share this book with
someone who needs to feel
the warmth and comfort of
this love story...

notes

Summer days are slipping through my fingers, and I can feel autumn creeping in. Even though we live near the ocean, our little town still transforms with the seasons. Soon, the trees will turn into bursts of yellow, pink, and orange, painting the streets with the kind of beauty that makes me stop and take it all in.

I love autumn here. Sure, we get rains, but they're warm and gentle, the kind that makes you want to grab a cozy sweater and walk barefoot through the puddles.

Zarema Rose

notes

With autumn approaching,
there's someone new you should
meet—Anna. I won't spill too
much just yet, but let's just say
she's tied to our group. Lena,
Ella, Marina ... and now Anna.

Who is she? Well, read the next
story...



Read another story from this series



Anna, a remarkable girl with a thoughtful heart, faces challenges in finding new love due to her past experiences. After a series of unsuccessful dates, she meets someone special, although she grapples with her fears. Eventually, her first love (who broke her heart) reenters her life, presenting her with a choice: to revisit the past or embrace new beginnings. Ultimately, Anna comes to understand that true love is guided by destiny.

Read also



Read also

ZAREMA ROSE



Author's note

This is one of the wildest love stories I've ever written—a story as passionate, fiery, and untamed as the summer season itself.

Fun facts about this story:

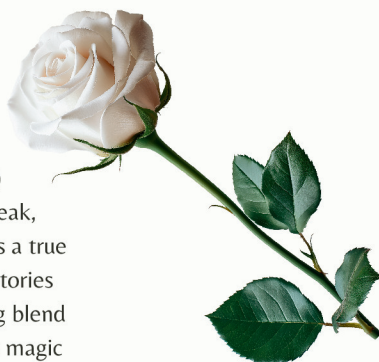
- The Ocean scene: The ocean in this story is more than just a setting—it's a symbol of spontaneity, freedom, joy, and the undeniable pull of love. It's where Marina and Jace's hearts truly connect, the waves mirroring the ebb and flow of their emotions. Marina's name, meaning "of the sea," feels so fitting. Like a captivating mermaid, she captures Jace's heart effortlessly, drawing him into her world as naturally as the tide meets the shore.
- Every date in this story reflects their fearless, untamed spirits—from the wide-open expanse of the ocean to the heights of a rooftop, and even the playful magic of a carousel. These moments show that their love is built on trust and a shared desire to embrace life with open hearts. They weren't afraid to dive into their feelings, and in doing so, they found each other in the most beautiful way.



MEET

THE AUTHOR

Hello to all romantic souls, I'm Zarema:) I write stories that explore love, heartbreak, and healing—topics close to my heart as a true romantic. I believe in miracles, and my stories reflect that belief. They are a captivating blend of realism and imagination, weaving the magic of love into every page.



A GLIMPSE INTO MY SOUL

- Once broken-hearted started writing poetry
- Apart from poems, I write love songs
- Admire the life as-is because no matter what it is beautiful...

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